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All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Printing in modern style, and on short notice.

EDWARD P. RUSSELL, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
I have formed a Partnership with my father, W. P. Russell, upon whose counsel and advice I can rely. Office, over the Drug Store of W. P. & E. P. RUSSELL.
July 1st, 1866.

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W. A. GOODRICH,
We receive Wool, Butter, Cheese, Hops, &c.
Particular attention given to the sale of
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WATCHES AND FINE JEWELRY, Silver and
Plated Wares of every description.
Next door to the Post Office.
N. B.—All kinds of Job Work done to order.
Middlebury, May 16, 1866.

A. V. MARSHALL, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon
WEST-COAST, VERMONT.

IRA W. CLARK,
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law
Solicitor in Chancery
Also, Agent for the National Life
Insurance Company.
Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 8th, &c., 1866.

M. H. EDDY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Office in Brewster's Block, over
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Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials,
Magazines, Newspapers, Pictures,
and Picture Frames,
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Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
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E. R. WRIGHT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
AND
CLAIM AGENT,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

C. B. CURRIER, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Office, under Masonic Hall,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Office Hours, from 7 to 8 A. M.; 12 to 1, and
to 8 P. M.

THOMAS H. McLEOD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Solicitor in Chancery,
AND CLAIM AGENT,
Office at his residence, West end of the Bridge,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

GLEN HOUSE.
R. D. FARR, Proprietor.
EAST MIDDLEBURY, VT.

For good Air, Water, Mountain Scenery, Trout
Fishing and pleasant Walks and Drives, it is
unparalleled in the State. Charges for day and
night boarders reasonable. A good Bowling
alley attached.
July 18th, 1866.

J. S. BUSHNELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office at E. L. Eldridge's, formerly occupied
by P. Starr.
Middlebury, Vt., March 26th 18 64.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL
TREES.
I select and put up all kinds of Fruit and Orna-
mental Trees, for all my customers, and deliver
them myself.
Make out your Orders and I will call on you.
F. D. TAYLOR.
West Salisbury, Dec. 15, 1865.

NEW GRAIN AND FEED STORE.
The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand
OATS,
CORN,
FLOUR,
BRAN,
MIXED FEEDS,
OIL MEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
INDIAN MEAL,
FLOUR OF BONE,
And various other articles. Will sell at small
margin from cost, for cash.
V. V. CLAY.
Middlebury, April 17th, 1866.

BUTTER.
I shall be at the Store of G. C. CHAMBERS,
FRIDAYS,
and shall pay the highest Market Price for Prime
Butter.
JOSEPH CARTER.
Middlebury, April 28th, 1866.

BUTTER.
I shall be at the Store of S. L. Sayre & Co.,
FRIDAYS,
and shall pay the highest Market Price for Prime
Butter.
H. P. BROWN.
Middlebury, May 21, 1866.

NEW FIRM.
W. P. & E. P. RUSSELL
have formed a Partnership in the practice of Medi-
cine and Surgery, and sale of Drugs and Medicines.
The sale of Drugs and Medicines will be con-
ducted at the old stand of W. P. Russell, where a
complete assortment of goods in their line will be
always found.
W. P. RUSSELL.
July 1st, 1866.

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXI.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1866.

NO. 31.

POETRY.

SATAN AND THE GROSS-SELLER.

The grog seller sat by his bar-room fire
With his feet as high as his head—
Watching the smoke as he puffed it out,
And in his coil arms curled about,
Ain't he a fellow with his flaccid fold,
As he sits there with his lips it rolled,
While a doubtful case and a red-hot gloom
Were slowly gathering within the room.

To their drunken slumbers one by one,
Foolish and fabled his friends had gone,
To wake in the morn, to the drunken's pain,
With a cough, eye and a whirling brain;
Drowsily rung the watchman's cry,
"Past two o'clock and a cloudy sky."
But our host sat wakeful still, and shook
His head and winked with a knowing look.

"A't hit!" said he, with a chuckling tone,
"I know the way the thing is done!
Two five are ten and another V
Two ones, two twos and a ragged three,
Make twenty four for me, well-lit folk;
He! he! it was rather a good night's job.
Those fellows have guzzled my brandy and wine,
Much good may it do them, the cash is mine."

And he winked again with a knowing look
And from his cigar the ashes shook;
He! he! those fellows are in my net,
I have them safe and I'll fleece them yet;
There's Jones, what a jolly dog he is!
And he swells the way that I like to see;
Let him dash for a while at this reckless rate,
An't his farm is mine as sure as fate.

"Tee, he! Tee, he!" 'twas an echo'd sound;
And the grog-seller looked around.
This side and that through the smoke he peered,
But nought but the chairs could the grog-seller
see.
"Ho, ho! he, he!" 'twas a jest, a jest,
He seemed to have come from an inner throat.
And his knees they shook, and his hair did
rise,
And he opened his mouth, and he strained his
eyes.

And in a corner dark and dim,
Sat an unusual form, with a sweet grim,
From his great head, through his silky hair
Sprung out a half-dozen horns a pair,
And there those shaggy brows below,
Like a pair of horns, his green eyes glow,
And his lip was curled with a sinister smile,
And the whole belched forth from his mouth
the while.

And how did he feel beneath that look?
Why, his jaw fell down and he shivered and
shook.
And quaked and quaked in every limb,
As it gave him a full view of him,
And his eyes to the monster grim were glued,
And his tongue was stiff as a bit of wood.
But the light caught on the horn's
And he smiled a smile in his quiet gloom.

"O, ho!" says Nick, "tis a welcome old
You give to a friend to true and old
who has been for years in your employ
on long about like an errand boy;
That you're rather afraid, and it's strange to
see!
You think I've come for you? never fear
You can't be scared for a long time here.

"There are hearts to break, there are souls to
win,
From the ways of Peace to the Paths of Sin;
There is trusting Love to be changed to hate;
There are hands that murder most crimson red;
There are homes to be rendered desolate,
There are hopes to be crushed, there is blight to
shed.
O'er to you, the pure and the fair,
Till their lives are crushed by the end—Des-
pair."

"This is the work you've done so well,
Cursing the right and praising the wrong,
Quenching the light on the inner shrine
of the sun-shed till on make it mine;
Want and sorrow, shame and shame,
And crimes that even I shudder to name,
Dance and howl in their hellish glee
Around these spirits you've marked for me.

Old selling grog is a good device
To make a hell of a paradise,
Wherever you roll that fiery flood
It is swollen with tears it is stained with blood.
And the voice that was heard just now in
prayer,
With its muttered curses stirs the air,
And the hand that's raised the wife from ill,
Is raised in wrath is raised to kill."

"Hold on, your curse, you're filling up
With the wine of a wrath of your own cup,
And the fiends exult in their homes below.
As you deepen the pangs of I human woe;
Long shall it be, if I have my way,
Till the night of death shall close your day;
For I am sworn to shed blood here, I am
country store that does not keep it, or a family
that does not use it."

E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.
SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

MISCELLANY.

Prussians Foraging in Bohemia.

We of the Reserve Artillery were specially
fortunate in the matter of housing
during the recent war. To say the truth,
we saw nothing of the war; and on that
account may be made the subject of bitter
jokes when we finally return to Prussia;
but it must be remembered that we should
wholly miss the Austrians, and had quite
as much need of courage as those who
were more fortunate in having been ordered
south at an earlier date. It is not in
face of a battle that a man most needs
courage; it is when he is marching down
into an unknown country with a possi-
bility of being attacked unawares at any
hour of the day or night. So, when I
say that we marched down unmolested
from Saxony, through Bohemia, or Fran-
conia, nobody says the journey was a com-
fortable one. But we had our little pleas-
ures and adventures on the way; and it
is one of those escapades I am going to
relate.

Our force was small, but so were the
villages, and the difficulty of discovering
food, even when armed with the written
requisitions, was sometimes very great.
An order signed by King William himself
could not take a cow from a man who had
none. We of the artillery, however, led
the first column of provisions as well as of
horses; and even during the whole
journey we had not to camp out a single
night—hear it ye unwilling heroes of the
rains of Hohenlohe!—so we managed
somehow or other to require, extort, or
steal at all times what was wanted. Yes,
we did steal occasionally. An army must
live, and if the people hide their provisions,
the soldiers must break open the
store-houses of such valuable and neces-
sary treasures. We did steal; though
Mr. Von Czeklik, whom the Austrian
Government deputed to inquire into our
conduct, says we didn't. Perhaps if Mr.
Von Czeklik had been in our position,
he would have stolen also, member of the
Lower Austrian Diet as he is.

We arrived in the little village of Z—
about seven o'clock in the evening, im-
mediately having previously been sent to
the burgomaster to make preparations for us.
These were good so far as they went.
We dragged our cannon into a cow field
put up the horses in the shed and fed
them; then having left our helmets and
what not in the miserable little dwellings
that were to be our bedrooms for the
night, we found ourselves without beer.
There was neither wine nor beer in the
place. Bread, rice, coffee and a small
allowance of beef that we obtained by
means of our requisition tickets; but beer
wholly unobtainable. Then it was that
four of us arranged a little scheme.

On our way to Z— we had passed a
small church, with the priest's house im-
mediately outside the wall. After much
deliberation we came to the conclusion
that this priest must of necessity have
wine in the house.

"And it is monstrosity," said our Cor-
poral Heide, "that an Austrian priest
should have wine, when four Prussian
soldiers cannot get beer."
"But the burgomaster won't give us a
ticket to require wine from the priest,"
said Zueho.

Our brave corporal only smiled a smile
of contempt.
"Who needs to study the caprice of a
Bohemian burgomaster?" he said; "let
us ourselves require the priest's wine."
"I shan't put my soul in peril by stealing
from a priest," said Schwartzstern,
who was always particular about these
things.

"But it is from a Catholic priest,"
said the corporal.
"Ah, that is another thing," said
Schwartzstern.

So it was settled that we should make
up a little party in order at least to test
the capacity of the good priest's cellar.
You see, we could not go boldly up and
demand the wine, for even a clergyman
would see the imposition; so we had to
lay our plans warily.

First, Heide, who is an excellent
writer and keeps the books of our com-
pany, wrote out an order authorizing the
bearer to receive "ten bottles of wine
for the officers of the 3rd Company, 2nd
Battalion of his Majesty's King of
Prussia's Royal Regiment"—a company that
might at a moment have been buried or
in Vienna for aught we knew.

Secondly, Heide dressed himself in
parade dress; while, to make the con-
trast more striking, we kept on our
caps, left our swords in our lodgings, and
turned up the bottom of our trousers.
Heide looked quite a field marshal com-
pared with us; and so it was we set out.

"Where are you going?" asked our
companions as we passed.
"Going to kiss the burgomaster's
daughter!" said we, that being a current
joke of the time.

We soon perceived in a gathering dark
that little white church, with the adja-
cent house.

"Suppose the priest had some of the
wounded from Manchegratz," said
Schwartzstern, who was always raising
these objections; "could we take the
wine then?"

Who has the most right to the wine—
men who have the happiness of the
chance of living, or men who, like us,
are likely in a few days to be dead?
This was of course, Heide's reasoning;
and was sufficient at least to stop
Schwartzstern's further complaints.

We knocked at the door; a young
woman appeared.
"Can we see the Herr Priest?"
said Heide, in a splendid tone of authori-
ty.

She seemed thoroughly scared on seeing
the Prussian uniform. I believe she

whold, gladly have shut the door, but
that she knew or guessed that a bit of
wood was not the obstacle to put before
King William's men.
"I will ask him," she said going off
and leaving the door open.

We entered meanwhile and walked
into one of the rooms which we saw to
be empty. In a few moments she re-
turned, and began to tell her story with
the downcast eyes which proved she had
been commissioned by the father to tell a lie.
"Please, gentlemen, the master is
somewhat unwell, and would beg
you to excuse him. He is grieved to be
guilty of such lack of hospitality to
strangers, and hopes that at another
time—"

She was not allowed to finish the
sentence.
"Meine schones Madchen," said Heide,
"this is all very well, but we must see
your master all the same, and quickly."
"Lieber Gott!" cried the girl, "you
would not disturb the lady father?"

Our corporal struck his foot to the
ground.
"Gott! I am a Prussian officer; tell
your master to come hither instantly!"

Five minutes afterwards the priest
came into the room. It was very
evident that no man was ever in better
health; but in the midst of his too pal-
pable terror, he endeavored to assume an
air of interesting weakness.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said,
sinking into a chair. "I can scarcely
perform the duties of host in my present
state, however desirous I should be of
entertaining King William's brave sol-
diers. Your army, gentlemen, has
proved victorious; you have won as you
deserved to have won. We, we are
beaten, but still the consciousness that
our fate was the result of, not of bad
management or lack of bravery on our
side, but of the invincible ardor and
energy of northern blood. Gentlemen,
you will not think me a flatterer when I
say—"

"Certainly not," said Heide, "we
admire your frankness and thank you for
these two high compliments, but unfor-
tunately, the times have changed, and we
are come on an awkward business.
Here is a requisition paper for ten bottles
of wine."

"What!" cried the priest, in dismay,
(ten bottles of wine are something to a
poor Bohemian priest,) "you would not
rob me!"

"Sir," said Heide severely, "robbery
is not a word to be uttered to a Prussian
officer."

"I beg your pardon, lieber Herr, but
if I cannot obey this order—"
"Then we shall be compelled to take
the value of the wine in the valuables of
your house. This clock, I perceive, is
of Genoese manufacture, and I should
think these glasses are of Bohemian make."

Our corporal swaggered across the
room and began to examine the ornaments
of the mantle piece. The priest at once
sprang to his feet and followed him.

"No, no, sir, pray do not touch these.
I will rather bring you the wine, for
as I am, and in this paper sufficient
guarantee!"

"Quite," said Heide.
"But do not give you a receipt
with which one may demand repayment
at the end of the war?"
"That is a receipt."

"No other paper? Would you mind
giving me another receipt, saying that
you, a Prussian officer, have received the
wine?"

"Willingly."
Heide sat down at a table, and began
preparing the document.

"Offer will do, I presume?" said the
priest, gently.
"What!" cried Heide, "give Offer to
a Prussian officer?"

"Adelsberger, then?"
"Never. The best claret in your cell-
ar we must have—we are entitled to it.
In default, we seize champagne, where it
is to be found."

With an aspect of utter melancholy
the priest passed from the room; and
Heide, turning from the contemplation of
the Genoese clock, betrayed his satisfac-
tion by an unsteady walk. Several min-
utes elapsed. Was the priest engaged in
losing the key to his wine closet?

"No good will come of this," said
Schwartzstern dolefully.
"That depends on the quality of the
wine," said Heide bravely. "If he gives
us St. Julien, I shall be satisfied. If he
gives us Chateau Margaux I shall be
proud. But if he gives us some of his
sweet Bohemian wines, I shall smash the
mirror."

Presently the girl came in with an old
basket in her hand.
"Here is the wine, gentlemen; and the
father commands himself to you, and begs
you will excuse his retreating, as the visit
has been a severe trial to the poor man.
He hopes you will have a good journey."

"We thank him," said the corporal,
with a cold magnificence, "but we must
first prove whether the wine is such as
my brother officers may drink."
He directed her to bring him a cork-
screw, and then he handed out to each a
half tumbler of the rich red wine, which
was indeed very excellent.

"Comment us to your master's good
graces," said he; "say that the wine
will gratify the brave officers of whom he
spoke, and add that when he claims
payment from the Prussian Government
he had better also ask for the price of a
corkscrew."
Whereupon we left the house.
"Hut! whispered Zueho, as we were
moving off: "look up at the window."
There, at the window, was the priest,
intent upon gazing down upon us. No
sounder had he caught sight of our upturned
faces than he abruptly withdrew, per-
haps thinking his stars that we had at-
tempted him to escape so easily.

So it was that we quietly returned to
our lodgings, and having called together
two or three of our companions, on whose
society we could depend, there was spent
the jolliest night that marked our cam-
paign in Bohemia. Schwartzstern,
however, was gloomy; the theft weighed
upon his soul. The cause of it was that
some minds are such poor reasoners that
it is impossible to convince them that what
was right for the King of Prussia was
right for Johann Schwartzstern, over-
gunner in his Majesty's service.

In the Omnibus.

A SKETCH.

A mighty woman with a bundle, an uncom-
fortable woman with a dog, an old gentleman
with an ear trumpet, a beaming young
lady with an expensive crinoline, and the
usual complement of nothing-particular
people, including mine self, John Hayes,
gentleman at large. I would not have
been inside if I could have helped it; nor
in an omnibus at all, if I could have
helped it; and, judging from the sur-
rounding faces, we were all in the same
plight. We were all hot, and we all
hated one another. When a fellow crea-
ture is visibly radiating the caloric one
already has in excess, hatred for him, or
even her, follows in logical sequence, and
we were waiting for more passengers!

"Please help me in, I'm blind!" It
was the truest, sweetest voice we all
turned to see a little girl lay her hand
confidingly on the conductor's arm. I
looked her over from him as fearfully as if
she had been in truth what she looked like—
my parian Clytie—the same pure, sweet
face, with the delicate features and droop-
ing white eyelids; but the sadness of her
pallor was relieved by the vivid dark
gold of her hair, which fell in soft thick
rolls upon her neck.

"Isn't there a dog here?" said she
presently.
"Yes, darling," said the dog's owner,
as she handed it to the child, looking un-
comfortable no longer; the blind face
turned to hers seemed to charm away its
nervousness.

"What a dear little fellow!" said
Clytie, and the rough terrier grew popu-
lar.
"Do they let you go far alone?" said
the cross woman.

"O, yes." The little one gave a low,
glad laugh of triumph. "I've been to
the blind school; I can do everything
for myself, now."

"Would you mind saying that again,
my dear? I'm very deaf," said the old
gentleman. She repeated her sentence,
adding, with an old womanly pity, "It
must be so sad to be deaf."

I said, involuntarily, "You don't look
as though you were ever sad."
"I! O, no, I never am, now Emy is
well."

"Who is Emy?"
"Why, my little sister; O! such a
little darling; but she was ill for a long
time—so long."

Clytie's voice faltered, as though she
were living over again a great sorrow.
"But she is well now?" I said.
"O, yes, quite strong; and is so nice."

"Have you any sisters and brothers?"
asked the young lady.
"No, only Emy, and one brother, baby
Tom; he's such a great, fat fellow, and
he laughs—you can't think how he
laughs."

If it was anything like the musical rill
his sister sent rippling through the air,
I should like to have heard that baby.
"What does he laugh at?" said the
cross woman.

"O, everything; at Emy and me,
when we play Punch and Judy; and at
dinner, when there's dumplings; and
sometimes he lies on the floor and laughs
at himself; and we laugh, too, so
funny." The little one's mirth was in-
fectious, we all joined in, with various
modulations of the roar of the deaf gen-
tleman, who couldn't stop himself, and
setting us off again, little Clytie, clapping
her soft gloved hands till she made the
dog bark, and the conductor looked in
to say, "Well, if I ever saw such a row."

"Easton road, please," said Clytie,
turning into a business woman all at once.
The unwelcome place seemed to come
directly; as I turned from helping the
child into it, I saw the cross woman's face
breaking up into tears.

"It's queer," she said, "but I feel like
to cry to see her so merry."
I was unconsciously conscious of what
my dear mother used to call the apple in
my throat, so I was grateful to the deaf
gentleman for saying "Eh!" and saving
the effort of replying. We all fell into
quietness, but it was curious to notice
how forbearing we grew to one another;
the child's great low, worn like a flower-
crown on the head of some pictured
saint, made our petty discomforts all
melt away. The young lady began to
play with the baby, the old gentleman
with the dog, and I, who object to all
gratitudes on the principle of never having
any money to spare, was absolutely pleas-
ed by her change to her vanquished feet, saying:
"Never mind the penny, conductor."

Even the cross woman grew quite in-
teresting over a reminiscence of a youth
she had known when she was a girl, who
had recovered his sight after being blind
for a year.

I think, if instead of being a plucked
civil service candidate, I could be a
woman with a mission I would choose
that of my unconscious little Clytie.

Weston, Mo., fifteen years ago had
several thousand people and a rich oil-
fishing trade. But the erratic Missouri
began to deposit oil in front, and now
runs half a mile from the town, and
cattle graze where steamers used to
ply.

THE MUSEUM OF AGRICULTURE AT
WASHINGTON.—The rooms—two modest
basement apartments in the patent office
building—are exactly crowded and
scant, and the collection is only the nu-
cleus of what it must be one of these days.
But the cases of stuffed birds, the speci-
mens of fruit, dwindling from the enor-
mous far-famed pear of Oregon down to
strawberries and plums, the gay insects,
and the staples of wool, cotton, flax and
silk, make it a very pretty exhibition.
And one gets interested in the plan of it,
and finds great entertainment and instruc-
tion from talking with its exhibitor and
founder. 'This is Townsend Glover, the
entomologist of the department of agricul-
ture, an enthusiast, and unrecognized
and unrewarded genius, such as one finds
by rare luck in the nooks of public office,
such as the public understands and la-
ments when once gone. The collection is
mostly his private property. It was pur-
chased by Congress, a few years ago,
with an appropriation of ten thousand dol-
lars, barely covering the cost of prepara-
tion; but that sum was pocketed, among
other spoils of office, by Jacob Thomp-
son; and a new appropriation, to make
it good, was thrown over by the last Con-
gress, while a commission for ten thou-
sand could be spared to reward Miss Vin-
nie Keems for her sorry plaster model of
Lincoln's bust! But time will have its
revenge. Mr. Glover threatens to carry
his unique and inestimable museum to Eu-
rope (unless some of the states should pur-
chase it meanwhile), and some inferior
lack will have to be hired to do his work
(for it must be done), with half the skill
and at twice the cost.

The plan of the museum is quite origi-
nal with him, and is entirely unique.
It is meant for a complete "Object Lib-
rary" of reference for the agriculture of
the country. To carry it thoroughly
out will require a space as large as the
hall of inventions itself, and would be
even more interesting, at least to the
common eye. Each product of the soil
is to be made the center of a group, ex-
hibiting its stages of growth, its varieties,
its diseases, and its uses in the arts, all
with full reference to standard books.
Each bird is exhibited with nest, eggs,
&c., and the nature of its food is written
on the card containing references to the
standard ornithologists, thus manifestly
beneficial to the farmer being signalled
by a little golden badge. Each insect is
represented, not only in little glazed pre-
serves, but in copper plates of marvellous
accuracy, carefully colored, giving the
creature in its stages of growth, its food,
&c., also with full card of reference.

These engravings are the handiwork of
Mr. Glover himself, who lives a lonely
half-Bohemian life, devoting his spare
means and hours to his tasks of engraving
and coloring, having learned the art for
the purpose, and having hardly taken
three holidays in as many years.

Each fruit is represented in all its
varieties by fact similes in plaster, cast
and colored in oils, so that, to the eye,
it is actual fruit; and one might gather
up a long chapter in natural history by
interrogating Mr. G. on his extensive
collection of silk-producing insects. As
to the ferocious silk-spiders of South
Carolina, he holds that one might as well
hope to make a head of tigers into tame
cattle; but the gorgeous creature he ex-
hibits, with samples of their cocoons and
woven webs, might well console one for
the loss of that semi-reconstructor
monster.